

Priceless Pearls

by pandalvr13945

Category: H2O: Just Add Water

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bella H., Cleo S., Emma G., Rikki C.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-04-29 18:12:42

Updated: 2013-09-27 00:22:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:59:09

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,963

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Four mermaids put under a spell to protect them from a man bent on destroying their race. But none of them know this. The only way to break the spell and stop this man is to find their true mates. Who will help them, and how will finding their true mates protect their people from destruction? May change rating later.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer: 'I do not own H2O: Just Add Water.' (but I really like it.)****

* * *

<p>Chapter 1

20 years ago€|

The waves surrounding Mako Island were becoming stronger and stronger and the current was almost unbearable as four mermaids swam towards the small landmass, just off the coast of Australia. The storm was getting worse and with every mile they swam their strength was fading. But they were under strict orders from each of their mistresses to not stop no matter what.

_'Faster! We're almost out of time!' _yelled one brunette mermaid telepathically.

Each of these mermaids held something very precious. Something that was to save the entire mermaid population from devastation, as long as they could keep them out His evil clutches. They could see the entrance to the moon chamber glowing faintly from a distance, and swam towards and into the narrow tunnel just as the moon was beginning to rise. As they emerged from the water of the pool, the women placed the sobbing infants onto the sandy floor of the cavern. They each took the small pouches given to them by their mistresses

and placed them around each of the girls tiny necks. In each pouch there were items handpicked by each of the infant girl's mothers to remember them by. The only problem was that nobody could open the pouches but the girls themselves, and nobody but the mothers and their handmaidens knew what was inside these bags.

As the time drew closer to midnight each woman slowly took their charge and placed them into the pool of water. When the moon became visible through the clouds and the mouth of the volcano overhead, the pool began to bubble and the handmaidens began to chant a short spell, which would ensure that the girls would not be found by any of them until the time was right. '_The ties that bind are strong but weak, and with the chance young lovers meet, the bond will break inside the pool, if each true mate should hold their pearl.'_

When they finished the spell a bright light shown down into the pool and the girls glowed and soon a beam of light shot into the sky, but with the storm raging off the coast almost everyone of the people who saw it assumed it was lightening. _Almost_ everyone. A fisherman, Don Sertori, and three of his buddies Terry Chadwick, Neil Gilbert, and Joseph Hartley were out drinking on one of his boats, to celebrate Joseph's promotion as the director for several deepdiving expeditions around the world, when they saw the light go up. All but one had a inclination to go and find out where the light came from. When Don started the boat up one of his friends, Joseph, began trying to discourage them from going to Mako.

'Maybe we shouldn't be doing this guys', he said.

'And why not ? There's nothing wrong with us checking out Mako is there ?', asked Terry.

'Wellâ€¦ there's a storm going on over there, and there are sharks, and what if the boat overturns ?' Joseph exclaimed.

'My Esmã@ralda isn't going to overturn, she's been out in more storms than you can imagine', argued Don, as they anchored the boat offshore and rowed the rest of the way to shore in a raft. As they ventured onto the island Joseph's pleading got more and more frantic.

'DO ANY OF YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT'S ON THIS ISLAND !?', he whisper/screamed, obviously afraid to wake any of the imaginary monsters that resided on the deserted island.

'No', said Neil, 'But we'll find out soon enough, won't we ?'

They slowly made their way through the jungle, trying to avoid possibly waking any dangerous animals that lived there, as they struggled through the thick underbrush. Finally, they reached small waterfall that flowed from the base of the volcano. As they stopped to drink from the falls, Don sat on the cold stone surrounding the water and listened for any sign that they were being followed.

'Guys, be quiet,' he whispered. 'Do you hear that ?', he asked.

They all stopped talking and when they did they heard something unbelievable, a faint crying, kind of like a babies, coming from a dark hole in the rock formation. When Terry ventured over to the hole, his foot slipped on the allgae that had grown on the rocks and

fell into the hole all the way down until the rest of them heard a thud and a faint 'Ouch'. When Neil leaned over the hole to ask if his friend was alright, he leaned too far and fell (Head first) into hole as well. The two who hadn't fallen into the hole shared a look that said, 'How are we going to get these idiots out?'. Don and Joseph, after a few heated words, finally figured that the best way to get them out was to have one man stay on the surface to pull the vine that they had found on one of the nearby trees, and the other would go down into the hole to see if the others were injured and help push them up if they were. With a flip of a coin, Don was chosen to venture into the deep dark recesses of the earth to help his inebriated friends. Don slid down the hole not knowing that Terry and Neil were fine and had in fact walked deeper into the cave.

As Don caught up to them, he proceeded to yell out, 'How come you didn't tell us that you were okay?'. After he said that all three of them heard a loud splash that echoed throughout the cavern. They sprinted towards the noise when they found the source of the crying that lured them to the dark hole in the first place. They were astonished to find not only one baby, but four, lying on the sandy floor of the cave next to the pool of water where presumably the loud splash came from.

After several moments of astonished silence Neil piped up, 'How did they get here?'.

'I don't know, probably the same way we did', Terry replied sarcastically.

'Well, we can't just leave them here', said Don diplomatically.

'I agree,' stated Neil.

'But how will we get them back up the hole?', asked Terry, 'We don't have anything to carry them up in.'

'How about we use Neil's shirt as a basket, of sorts, and Joseph can pull them up one at a time with the vine we found.'

'Great idea Don, but what'll we do with them after that?' Neil asked, 'There could be people looking for them.'

'That's why we'll take them to the police, once we get out of here of course' Don replied.

Neil and Terry each with one baby in tow and Don carrying two, since it was his idea, trekked back to where they came in. There they found a vine dangling through the opening of the hole, and Joseph was shouting down the hole for them to hurry up.

'Hey guys, move your asses, it's getting cold up here!' Joseph yelled down the hole.

'Shut up, we found somethin' down here and they're coming up first', grumbled Terry.

'They're?', Joseph asked puzzled, 'You mean there's more than one?'

'That's what the man said', shouted Neil 'Now will you hurry up

?!'

'Quit arguing, we need to get these kids out of this hole', intervened Don.

Joseph was muttering incoherently as the girls were slowly hauled up by the vine, and behind each girl came the older man that had held her. Don stayed in the hole until he made sure everyone was safely out and then began to climb out of the narrow space. When he emerged Neil and Terry were holding all four girls, and so he proceeded to carefully lift a girl from Neil's arms, as Joseph did the same with Terry.

They slowly made their way back through the jungle, careful not to hurt the babies as they pushed their way through the trees and out onto the beach.

'I still can't believe you found babies down there', remarked Joseph.

'Well believe it, cause we're going to have to find who these kids belong to', said Don.

As the men paddled back to the Esmeralda the four mermaids who had fled the moon chamber were watching them from a distance. After a moment of silence between the four, they turned to each other and opened the palms of their hands to reveal different colored pearls. There was an emerald, a sapphire, a ruby, and an amethyst colored pearl in each of the mermaids' hands. When the handmaidens had been given the pouches to put on the girls, their mistresses had given them the girls' Soul Pearls. When a mermaid matures the time came where they would hide their pearl in the ocean and fate would guide their soul mates to their pearls. If their soul mate was human the pearls would glow, and the human would then undergo something they called 'the transformation'. The transformation only lasted the further away the soul mates were from each other. No one knew what would happen if soul mates found pearls when the mermaids were under a binding spell. So to ensure the same thing was to happen with these girls as it would during a normal mating, the women swam back to the moon pool to place one last spell on the infants. They lifted their hands containing the pearls towards the opening in the volcano and quietly chanted these words. _'When the time draws near, and the moon is high, and Venus dances across the sky, each true mate marked, drawn here by fate, shall be 'transformed' by their mer-mate.' _Those final words echoed through the cavern as the pearls then began to glow. With a cry of surprise the women let go of the pearls. But, the pearls weren't effected by gravity, they were levitating in midair by an invisible force. With a quick burst of light the pearls flew from the volcano through the hole overhead. The four mermaids fled from the pool trying to follow them as they flew away. Each of the women unsure of what was going on, froze as the pearls split off into different directions, that was when an auburn haired woman spoke up.

_ 'Arianna, what's happening?' _ thought a frightened Helena.

_ 'I'm not sure'_, replied the brunette, _ 'But keep following them, we can't lose them!' _

But before any of them could swim away, a mermaid of Asian descent

asked, _ 'What if they're trying to hide themselves?'

_ 'What do you mean Lilly?' _ wondered a small blond mermaid.

_ 'Well Gillian, has anyone ever heard of a mermaid being under a binding spell when it was time to hide their pearl?' _ replied the Asian woman.

The blond quickly thought about it and said, _ 'Now that you mention it, no. I have never heard of such a thing before.'

_ 'So you think the pearls are hiding themselves, because the girls can't?' _ asked Arianna.

_ 'Well it's the only thing that would make sense, especially in this situation' _ , responded Lilly.

_ 'What if the pearls are found before the girls are matured?' _ wondered Helena.

Gillian shook her head before thinking, _ 'Everyone knows that fate guides our mates to our pearls, and they won't be found until fate decides to step in. So, instead of chasing after the pearls, we should let them hide themselves and let destiny take its' course.'

By this time, all of the women were agreeing with the blond. They all knew then that it was pointless chasing after the pearls, but they didn't want to leave the girls.

_ 'I think we all know that the girls aren't completely unprotected, but, I still don't want to leave them. I want to be able to help them when they come into themselves' _ thought Arianna.

_ 'I think we should stay and watch over them as well' _ agreed Lilly, _ 'at least until they find their mates. That way they'll have someone else to protect them before we go.'

Helena and Gillian shared a quick look before agreeing with their friends. _ 'Alright we're in. But, if we do this, we need to be very careful. We can't let anyone know who or what we are. We _have_ to keep a very low profile.' _ Helena thought conspiratorially.

_ 'Okay but we can't stay here' _ , stated Arianna, _ 'We'll split up, and watch the girls individually. We'll only contact each other if we think they might be in danger. Agreed?'

_ 'Agreed' _ , they thought before turning around and quickly swimming away, trying not to attract the attention of the sharks swimming nearby.

_ Don's house the next morning _

Don Sertori could be heard arguing with his friends from two streets away. The men were arguing over whether or not they should keep the girls. Because after they had left for home the night before, each man had taken one child home with them. It was obvious that the inebriated men hadn't thought to tell their wives that the babies didn't belong to them by the black eyes and broken noses that they sported this morning. They had managed to calm their raging wives by

letting them take care of the girls, thereby letting them become attached to the children. That was their first mistake. Their second happened when they then told their wives that they were not keeping the children, but that they were going to find out who the girls belonged to so that they could send them back. The women then began to do all they could to persuade their husbands to let them keep the little girls. This was where Terry and Neil gave up arguing, and said that they would talk to the guys about it in the morning. Don and Joseph refused to give in to their wives thinking, simply because of pride and the fact that they didn't know if the girls had other family looking for them. When the women realized that they wouldn't get what they wanted until the men talked it out, they decided to let it go and get some rest for the apocalyptic argument that was sure to happen the next day. The argument in question had actually started out pretty civil at first, with the guys asking questions like, 'How's your wife?', or 'Did you wake up with a headache too?' Which they would answer with a tense 'Fine', and a sarcastic, 'Yeah, but it think it has more to do with the black eye than the alcohol.' As the level of tension rose with each sarcastic question and snide remark, the closer the men got into each other's faces and the louder they got. At some point they all finally admitted to each other what their wives had done and what they wanted, and of course by this point, they were beyond acting civil with each other and were practically screaming in each other's faces. By this time Terry had actually admitted some additional news which surprised the others.

'I'm sterile. I can't have children', shouted Terry with a hint of sadness and exhaustion in his voice.

This news made the rest pause and rethink their decision to give the girls up. What if they were in Terry's position? What if they couldn't have kids? They all knew that Terry couldn't adopt any kids with his level of income, and invetro fertilization was unthinkable considering the arm and leg it would cost to pay for it. Money like that didn't grow on trees, but then again, neither did opportunities like this. They also thought about the girls. What if they had family looking for them? How would they handle taking these girls as their own and then have their real family come and take them away? If they were to keep these girls, how would Terry react to his little girl being taken away from him? These questions were hard to think about but they were what finally made Don, Neil, and Joseph come to a decision. They would wait three days, and if they didn't hear anything about the girls, then they would keep them.

6 years laterâ€¦|

Outside Emma and Cleo's 1st grade class

DON'S P.O.V.

Neill and I watched our oldest children walk into their 1st grade class with smiles on their faces. Cleo and Emma were already close friends, just like their fathers. And it was obvious by the attention they were receiving, that they would be making many more. Back when we first found the girls, we were shocked at how nobody came looking for them. We were all a little confused by it too, about that and those little pouches we found around their necks. Who does that? We tried everything we could to open them, but they just refused to open. So we decided to put them away to give the girls when they got older. But I wouldn't focus on that now. My little girl is just

starting school but she's still growing up so fast. I looked at my oldest and pondered about how many boys I'd have to threaten and beat away with clubs when she got older. It was frankly obvious that that both Cleo and Emma would be lookers. I still couldn't believe we were so lucky to have found these girls. They are beautiful, smart, and the apple of their fathers' eyes. I was positive that Terry and Joseph feel the same about their girls as well. But ever since Joseph left for his job overseas, and Terry moved closer to his wife's family we lost touch with each other. Since I couldn't spend any time out with the guys anymore I just got a closer relationship with my family. I just don't know how to tell Cleo that I'm not her real father.

I knew that I would have to tell Cleo that she was adopted sooner or later. I wanted to tell her later, just so that she would keep that sweet smile of innocence on her face. I wanted her to trust and love me as if I were her real father and not just an adoptive dad. I know that it won't last forever and that's why I was holding onto these moments with an iron grip.

NEIL'S P.O.V.

As I watched my baby girl walk into her first day of 1st grade with a smile on her face, I thought of when Lisa and I broke the news to Emma. I thought about how hard it was to explain to a 6 year old little girl that though I wasn't her _real _daddy, I still loved her like I was. The confusion and sadness I saw on her face almost cleaved my heart in two. But when I said that I was telling her this so that she would understand that it didn't matter that I wasn't her real father, and Lisa wasn't her real mother, we would love her forever. The smile that broke across her face then was as bright and as warm as the sun. It had lifted my spirits when I saw it. Nothing could beat that smile. I thought of all the times I saw my baby girl smile like that. Like when she took her first steps, or when I would read her a bedtime story. The only one better than that smile was when she lost both her front teeth and couldn't stop smiling about the money she got from the tooth fairy. It's like things only got better when I told her the truth, it was too stressful keeping secrets from her. I thought to myself _'I'll make that a family policy from _now on_ 'no hiding things from each other.' That'll make everything better.

CLEO' P.O.V.

I looked back at my daddy's face as I walked into my first day of 1st grade. He looked funny. He looked like he was happy and a little scared at the same time. 'Oh well', I shrugged. Emma was walking beside me 'cause we're in the same class and I didn't know how to get there. I didn't want to get lost, 'cause our school is really big. Daddy said that our school has grades k-12. I think he said that the 'k' stands for Kindygarten. (Momma said it helps to sound words out). Me and Emma finally made it to our class when I accidentally bumped into someone making them fall onto the floor. I bent down to help that person, and began picking up their crayons that had rolled onto the ground. As I was picking up the crayons I was apologizing 'cause that's what Daddy said to do when you have an accident.

'I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I didn't see you there, I'm sorry', I said with enough sincerity, that the person I crashed into began to laugh. This made me look up, and my eyes caught sight of a

boy who had eyes so green they reminded me of my favorite fishing rod.

'You don't have to apologize so much, you didn't hurt me', said the pretty eyed stranger.

'My daddy said that you have to say 'sorry' if you do something you didn't mean to do', I told him.

'I think you said enough 'sorrys' to last a while. I'm Lewis, by the way', he told me, as I handed him the last of his crayons.

'My name is Cleo', I said with a smile.

'Cleo huh? Well Cleo, would you like to sit with me at my table?' he asked with a nervous smile as we both got up from the floor.

'Sure', I said happy that unlike other boys he wasn't afraid of the cootie virus I had unwittingly contracted sometime last year. 'Will you be my friend Lewis?' I asked him, a little scared that he might say no.

I saw his face turn a little pink before muttering a quick 'yeah'. Afraid he wouldn't be my friend once he found out I had cooties, I quickly made him swear to it, 'Do you promise?'

I didn't understand why his face kept getting red when I asked him these questions, but I didn't worry about it when he uttered the words 'I promise'. Those two words made me smile, and we quietly walked towards our table to sit down next to Emma and wait for our first day of school to begin.

* * *

><p>Pandalvrl3945: This was my first fanfiction ever and I would really like for ya'll to review my work. The rest of the chapters probably won't be as long as this one, but I wanted to get a few things sorted out first so you wouldn't get confused. If I did confuse you, then I will try to do better next chapter. Don't stress because I will bring the other girls' p.o.v. into play next chapter.

2. Chapter 2

Hey everybody. Sorry I haven't updated as soon as you wanted me too. This chapter is short but it's part 1 of 2 so be sure to expect more later on. So enjoy the story and please review. (It gives more incentive to post again if we know you liked it)

Enjoy (x)" Peace.

****Disclaimer: I do not own any aspect of H2O:Just Add Water****

* * *

><p>3 years later |<p>

(Cats Island in the Bahamas)

Will's P.O.V.

'I can't believe Sophie is making me do this!' _I thought as I walked towards the beach behind the house my parents were renting. I hated that we never stayed anywhere for very long. My father works as a commodities trader for Air Force, and his work has us moving all over the world even though my mom, Sophie and I could have just stayed with our grandparents in Australia. As a result of this constant uprooting, my sister and I haven't made any permanent friends making me the only source of entertainment for her. As I was thinking about how I could escape from the torture my sister had recently told me about, I noticed the normally overpopulated beach was completely empty. This made it the perfect place to let out my frustration. I quickly began to strip down to my red and orange flamed swimming trunks before I was caught by my nosy sister and made to do what she wanted. I tucked my shirt and shoes behind a rock that was situated near the sandy path to my house and away from the water. After I made sure they wouldn't be touched by the tide, I slowly waded into the water and waited for the temperature to become more bearable.

It took a minute but finally the water warmed enough to where I could completely submerge myself and have it not sting against my slightly sunburnt skin. As I dove beneath the surface of the ocean I thought about the new headache my sister told me about just a few hours earlier when she caught me sneaking out of the house to have a midnight swim. My whole family knew that I had a strange case of insomnia. My parents had me tested on many occasions, but what they didn't know was that while they slept I would go swimming. That was the only way I could get to sleep. Every time I dove underwater I would get this calm feeling and some nights I could hear something that sounded like either crying or singing, but it would always stop the moment I resurfaced.

But this one particular night I hadn't realized that Sophie was in the kitchen getting a glass of water, when I opened the sliding glass doors to walk towards the beach. It was a full moon, and I was plainly visible to anyone who bothered to look in my direction (which of course she was). As I repeated my nightly ritual Sophie, being as devious as she was, began taking pictures of me with the Polaroid that my mother gave to her for her birthday. As it turned out when I dove under water she stopped taking pictures and began to time how long I would stay there. Now that she knows what I did and has the pictures to prove it, she wants me to join the deep-sea diving competition the locals are having, or she would tell mom and dad.

There is only one reason my sister would go through the trouble of making sure I would get in trouble, and sure enough, the prize money to be awarded to the winner of the contest was \$100 for whoever could stay under water the longest, and \$200 for whoever could dive the deepest. Sophie looked so excited when she told me about it and despite the fact that she was blackmailing me, and that it was an obvious tourist trap, I was beginning to consider it. Unfortunately I was having trouble holding my breath and I began to float up towards the surface of the water, only to find the source of my troubles angrily scanning the water in search of her payday.

Normal P.O.V.

12 year old Sophie Benjamin could be seen frantically pacing the shoreline looking over the crashing waves of the ocean searching desperately for her younger brother, and shouting his name over the noise of the waves and the seagulls flocking nearby.

"William Isiah Benjamin, we're gonna be late, and it'll be all your fault!"

As Will was swimming back to shore, he could feel the annoyance and impatience radiate off of his sister in waves. Even from a distance he could tell she was grinding her teeth and flaring her nostrils in her rage. Her mood soon began to affect him as he trudged back up the beach towards the shirt he so carefully tucked away. He could hear her yelling as she followed behind him, and tried to get his attention when he finally stopped to slip his ACDC t-shirt and black rubber flip-flops back on. He had finally had enough of her temper tantrum and quickly turned around to face her, this startled her but didn't stop her tirade as she noticed that he too was beginning to show signs of anger, and this fueled hers as well.

"WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, RUNNING OFF WHEN YOU KNOW THE CONTEST IS TODAY!?" she shouted, her temper skyrocketing until Sophie finally got a response from her fuming younger brother.

"What do you think I was doing!?" Will asked angrily, as Sophie crossed her arms and stomped her foot as only twelve year olds could do, to show her annoyance.

"I think you were trying to get us disqualified by not showing up. Did you think I wouldn't come to find you?" she wondered with frustration etched in her voice.

"That's not it, I knew you would come looking for me and that's why I decided to take a break from your bossiness, and go swimming." He bit out.

"Oh. Why are you calling me bossy? I haven't done anything" she asked, pretending to be puzzled by his stiff reply.

"Don't even try that innocent routine on me because it won't work. Besides you showed me everything last night, and if you wanna be that way I can go home and watch the Pokémon marathon" he said with his arms crossed.

After looking at the face of her watch Sophie gave in with a sigh and said, "Fine, how about this, I will split the money fifty-fifty if, and only if, you win in both categories okay?"

Will hesitated, he was shocked, his sister had never said something like that before. He also didn't understand why he had to split the money if he was doing all the legwork, but he sighed and with a shake of his head he agreed and said, "Let's go".

1 Hour Later

Will stood on the deck of an old fishing boat in the middle of the ocean. He was starting to get nervous. There were five other guys participating in the competition and he was the only one younger than 20. In fact, there was only one other person on board the ship who looked to be about his age and it was a young girl. She was

standing next to the captain of the ship pointing towards the water and looked like she was arguing with him about something. He stood there staring at this girl until they made eye contact, then he quickly turned his attention back to the coordinator who had just finished explaining the rules of the contest in his thick Caribbean accent, when out the corner of his eye he saw one of the divers looking at him.

Each contestant had a depth monitor attached to their ankles for obvious reasons, and on the fishing boat 3 men held timers for every participant. Each timer had a number 1-6 written on it to match a number that was tied around each person's forearm. The timers were to be started when all the contestants were under water and as each participant comes up for air the timer matching their number would be stopped in order to keep track of who stayed under the longest.

When all the contestants were in the water the coordinator fired the starting shot and the participants dove under the cerulean spray of the waves. Will's eyes were masked by his goggles but he could still see that the other divers were far beyond his reach and with his short legs it would be difficult to catch up with these men. He was almost ready to give up, despite what he knew Sophie would do to him if he didn't win. That is, until he saw it. It was a pearl and it seemed to radiate a brilliant purple light that was almost blinding. Will stopped his descent into the murky depths of the ocean to see if the other divers were seeing this, but when he looked around he didn't see anybody. He looked up and saw four pairs of legs ascending to the surface, and out the corner of his eye he saw that the diver from earlier was having a difficult time trying to dive deeper but the pressure from the water was making it almost impossible to get farther.

When it looked like he was going to give up, Will continued his descent, but for a different purpose. He was going after that pearl. It continued to shine brighter and brighter like a beacon, drawing him nearer, until he picked it up and the shining stopped almost instantly. All of a sudden there was a bursting flash of light, and he opened his eyes to see he wasn't underwater. In fact, he wasn't anywhere near the water. It looked like he was in a clearing in a jungle. He stood there for a minute trying to grasp his bearings, when he heard a rustling noise coming towards him at a fast pace. Will began to tremble not knowing what to expect, when suddenly a woman with blonde hair emerged swiftly from the ferns.

Will's first thought was that she looked like an angel or at the very least a forest nymph. She was smiling and dressed in a white gown that seemed to flow naturally with her every step. Every step she took was graceful despite her distended stomach and her green eyes danced as she took in her surroundings. The sunlight overhead reflected off her blonde hair, and that's when Will noticed tiny pink rosebuds that seemed woven into her curly free-flowing main. When she stopped for a moment to catch her breath, he noticed a choker around her neck. On it was the pearl he was diving for earlier, only the pearl wasn't the same any more, along with the amethyst color it now had different shades of green etched into it that was shaped as a leaf.

When Will pulled his eyes away from the choker, he looked to the woman's face only to see she wasn't smiling anymore. Her face radiated with fear, as she took in the scene that was going on behind

Will. Before he could turn to see what it was, she grabbed her stomach as if trying to protect it and was suddenly surrounded in a dome of water. Will couldn't believe what he was seeing, this was impossible. Almost as soon as the dome appeared so did a young man wearing loose white cloth pants and a silver breastplate with some sort of symbol engraved in it. With a burst of speed the man ran to protect the woman under the dome and as the man got close the dome opened up and allowed him in. The man grabbed the woman and held her in his tight embrace, and looked up only to lock eyes with Will. When they locked gazes there was a bright flash of light and he opened his eyes to see the other diver dragging his body towards the surface and felt the burning in his lungs from lack of air.

Before they broke the surface of the water, out the corner of his eye, Will saw a flash of yellow from behind a mountain of coral. Any other time and he wouldn't have given it a second thought, only the flash of yellow happened to be hair attached to a woman's head. His eyes widened when he caught sight of her and her light orange tail. She caught his reaction and only smiled and lifted a forefinger to her lips, before he blacked out, still clutching the pearl in his hand.

End
file.